

THE LILY.

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Written for the Lily.
SONG OF WELCOME.

Inscribed to Frederika, of Sweden.

BY J. WILLARD GLIDDEN.

A welcome to thee! a welcome to thee!
Fair daughter of Finland, from o'er the wide
 sea;
No stranger art thou from that far-distant shore.
Where rude rocks re-echo the Baltic's wild roar;
No stranger art thou, in the land of the free,—
A welcome to thee! a welcome to thee!

Long has thy bright genius shone forth to our
 view,
Long, long, hast thou dwelt in the hearts of the
 true,

A star in the zenith of intellect bright,
A heaven-born spirit, all radiant with light,
With warm hearts we greet thee, from over the
 sea,

A welcome to thee! a welcome to thee!

Around thee is beaming the sunshine of love,
Bright flowers in thy pathway wherever ye rove,
There is music for thee, in the zephyr's low sigh,
Sweet voices in silvery streams murmuring by—
And unto thee ever their language will be,
A welcome to thee! a welcome to thee!

O long may thy pen glide in freedom as now,
And honors immortal encircle thy brow,
Joy follow thy footsteps, and happiness fling
A gleam o'er thy life, like the glory of spring,
In the land of the blest, where no sorrow shall be,
May the angels of bliss sing "a welcome to thee!"
Dekalb Centre, Ill.

From the Italian.

THE FEMALE DOCTOR.

LAURA MARIA CATHARINE BASSI was born 29th October, 1711. Her parents and friends, remarking in her from the earliest age, a most ardent desire to learn, and a gravity much beyond her years, believed that by cultivating her mind by study they might develop some remarkable powers. Her rapid progress amply justified the hopes they had conceived. While she was yet very young, she easily acquired knowledge of the Latin writers, so as to be able to appreciate their beauties. This proved of great advantage to her; for to write Italian with elegance and purity a most careful study of the Latin language is indispensable. In this way the value of the words which have in such large numbers been transplanted from it is estimated, and the majesty of the Latin tongue is imitated within the limits dictated by sound judgment.—But as the boldest genius is, by its very nature, bent upon the search for truth, which alone furnishes repose to the soul, Laura gave herself up

to the study of philosophy, and therein discovered such charms, that to the end of her days it remained her favorite pursuit. The study of the laws of the universe, the observation of natural phenomena, everything which related to general and experimental physics, were for Laura the objects of indefatigable application. It would be difficult to paint the delight with which her friends and instructors observed so much wisdom in one yet in the budding of youth, and how ardently they desired that her merits should be crowned by public approbation. They conjured her to overcome her sex's bashfulness, alleging that since she was endowed with superior genius, and the cultivation of her powers had obtained for her so distinguished a position, it became her to demonstrate, in a public disputation on philosophy, that women have a right as well as men to penetrate into the mysteries of knowledge.—But Laura whose natural disposition led her, above all things, to delight in a quiet and retired life, and who also feared she might be accused of pride by acting in a manner so contrary to the usages of her sex, replied, "I have devoted myself to study in order to find incentives to good action and models to follow.—I know that glory is a vain and fugitive thing, frequently denied to him who is most ardent in its pursuit. I never felt any ambition to become illustrious in the eyes of the world, and am nowise solicitous to furnish arms to envy, which is always ready to tear to pieces even the most worthy. Leave me to continue, unknown to the public, my delightful studies; and greatly will they profit me, if I can by their aid procure some gratification for my relatives, and deserve the esteem of the worthy." The will and prayers of her relatives at last triumphed over her modesty. On the 17th April, 1732, she furnished a brilliant proof of her acquirements by replying to five of the most celebrated professors of the university of Bologna, who interrogated her on the most important philosophical subjects before a large assemblage of the principal personages of the city. The audience were at a loss which most to admire, her elegant enunciation of the most profound doctrines, or the modest reserve of her demeanor; and as a mark of the esteem and admiration she inspired, by the consent of all present it was determined to invest her solemnly with the degree of doctor of philosophy.—The 12th May, when this prize of wisdom was conferred on Laura, was indeed a day of triumphant rejoicing for her friends. Accompanied by ladies of the highest nobility, Laura presented herself before the authorities of the university assembled to receive her, and, having assumed the doctor's robe and silver crown, thanked, with tears in her eyes, those to whose good opinion she felt herself indebted for so remarkable an honor. For several days the entire population celebrated with festivities an event which they regarded as adding to the glory of their town. The favors which Laura had so deservedly re-

ceived at the hands of the public were continued to her, undiminished, as long as she lived. Persons of note arriving at Bologna from foreign countries were at once conducted to her as being the person who could most advantageously represent Italian genius; men rendered eminent by their acquirements or dignities felt honored by her friendship; and foreigners, who were so sparing in their praises of her contemporaries, lauded her to the skies. All this failed to diminish the simplicity of her manners; her actions and language continued as gentle and benevolent as ever, and she always appeared anxious rather to conceal than exhibit her rare qualifications.—Scarcely had she attained her twenty-first year, when the senate confided a professor's chair to her in the university; and her activity, her judgment and quickness, the luminous order in which she expounded the most difficult theories, and the gracefulness of her demeanor, placed her on a level with the most distinguished in the art of teaching. Students flocked from different countries to hear her, and on their return celebrated her wisdom and excellence.—The Church of Rome was at that period governed by Benedict XIV; a pontiff who proved to the world that the sanctity of religion may be cherished and venerated in the highest degree by one animated by the love of wisdom. In an academy founded by him at Bologna, and named after him the Benedictine, Laura held an appointment, and exacted the usual admiration of her auditors whenever she addressed them. She formed a valuable collection of philosophical instruments, and took great pleasure in making experiments, and in observing natural phenomena.

Those engaged in the pursuit of truth regard the cultivation of literature as an agreeable relaxation and Laura considered such studies as not only useful, but necessary; and doubtless, had she been a stranger to them, she never could have expounded her theories so eloquently; for it is in vain that we may be endowed with a lofty and fertile understanding if we are ignorant of the art which teaches the expression of the thoughts with grace and dignity and enables us to render the approaches to science both easy and agreeable. This art can never be acquired if the divine productions of poets and orators are neglected.

In the letters which Laura wrote to her friends, or to the most celebrated personages of her times, we nearly discern the care she took to attain a purity of style, and the great skill with which she expressed her noble thoughts. She made some attempts in poetry, and acquired enough of the Greek language to earn the praises of the erudite. Two treatises which she wrote on the laws of hydraulics and mechanical powers, and which are found in the "Memoirs of the Institute of Bologna," exhibit sufficiently her scientific acquirements; and it is to be regretted that she did not publish more of the results of her prolonged studies. From this she was in part deterred by that modesty which continued so re-

markable in her, and in part by the cares of her family. Having married Dr. Veratti, she fulfilled admirably all the duties of wife, mother, and mistress of a household. Her twelve sons were brought up and educated by herself; and it was indeed as honorable to her as the distinguished renown she had gained, that she never forgot the obligations upon her as a woman and the labors of her sex, and that she never trusted her young children to mercenary hands. To compass her various duties, she guarded, above all things, against indolence—that moral enemy to every good habit and worthy occupation: she only allowed herself sufficient sleep to recruit her powers, and abstained from all frivolous amusements. The constant respectful affection of her husband and children amply repaid her. Even in advanced life, though infirm in health, she never abandoned her habitual labors—regarding inactivity of body and mind but as an anticipated and prolonged death; and only a few hours before Bologna had to deplore the loss of one of its brightest ornaments, she took part in a long and learned discussion at the Benedictine Academy. She died 20th February, 1778; and although somewhat advanced in years, every one felt that her career had been too short. The ladies of the city erected a monument to her memory.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Nonpareil.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION,

AKRON, May 30, 1851.

Messrs. NONPAREILLERS:—This has been a great day for the Sisters. A large delegation is present, and the large church has been crowded in every corner during three sessions. This is not the do little Delegation by any means, for they do a great deal, and could be busy for a week.

The Convention is composed of a large number of talented females. Almost every individual in listening to them would be readily disposed to concede their demands. And yet, a body of an equal number of beautiful and good looking women has not assembled for a long period. They are the true women too—good wives, and excellent mothers.

Many fine speeches have been made to-day.—Mrs. Swisshelm delivered her maiden speech, and it was sane all through, and the audience roared with laughter and applause. Mrs. Coe also made a noble speech in reply to Mrs. S., though their differences were of minor importance.

The Hutchinsons have sung several pieces, which went to the souls of the people. Mrs. Celia M. Burr formerly Mrs. Kellum of Cincinnati, is also here.

Allow me a few reflections. It is almost universally asserted by the opponents of Woman's Rights that those who are most instrumental in agitating this subject are untrue to their womanhood, look upon domestic duties with contempt and are generally neglectful of household cares. Be it known therefore unto all the cavilling generation that this assertion is totally unfounded and grossly ungenerous. It is said that these women are *masculine*, and their thoughts, feelings and desires are unfeminine. Be it known again, that if man's ideal of woman embraces those qualities which are most servicable to the race—that if anything useful entered into the divine plan in the creation of woman, then that class who are termed *masculine* come nearest the fulfilment of this plan, and are most truly *women*. But if she is to be of no service in the great stage of life, have no duties to discharge and no purpose to subserve, but on the contrary, is to be weak, helpless, and irresponsible for anything but the follies of fashion and the physical and mental imbecility, delicacy, and softness of inertia, then I grant that these women are out of their place, and are invading the sphere of manhood. But this ideal of womanhood is too absurd and ridiculous to be countenanced by any; and, taking it

for granted that she is to be of consequence in the world, and in no wise more exempt from labor, nor irresponsible for the welfare of humanity than man, we will glance a moment at the character of those who are assembled here in convention.

First on the list is the President, Frances D. Gage of McConnellsville, O., a woman in middle age, but on whose countenance are the deep traces of a most laborious life. During her youthful days she enjoyed very limited educational advantages, for the vast amount of service required in her father's large family required her incessant toil. She married at 20 and at 27 was the mother of six children. Unable to employ assistance, she took the whole burden of the household upon herself. All the time she could give to reading was while she rocked one in the cradle, held another in her lap, used her hands in knitting, and at the same time read from a book or paper open on the table before her. This is a scene for a painter. Besides this, the good order of her household and the cordial welcome with which all were received attracted crowds of friends, and no small portion of her time was taken up in attentions to company.

And yet Mrs. Gage, having literary talent of a high order, neglected no domestic duty, neither did she appear before the public until her children were able to care for themselves. Five years ago she was unknown as a writer, but now thousands throughout the land are delighted and instructed by her productions, both of prose and poetry. Tell us not that she is destitute of true womanly qualities—it is a libel on her life.

Then, there is Mrs. Tracy, of Columbus, O., co-editor of Brewster's Magazine. She was a country girl, trained to the industry of a farmer's household. Engaging freely in active out-door exercises, in the garden and the meadow, if not in the cornfield, she was endowed with a good physical habit and prepared to meet any emergency or endure any afflictions of life. She married at an early age, and after a few years her husband fell a victim to his philanthropic labors, leaving her several children dependent entirely upon her own exertions for support and education. For eight years of widowhood she has supported her family, and is now building a house on her own lot, at the capital of the State. Tell us not this woman was sent into the world "half made up." Her life is a confutation of all sneering and slander. Her services in the Lunatic Asylum, and in the public schools of Columbus have clothed, fed and educated her children. More anon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTHBRIDGE, Mass, June 10.

Dear Mrs. Bloomer:—Do you ever take the trouble to look into that receptacle of so many contemptible things, The Boston Daily Times? If you do not, you will probably hear of the articles that have of late found their way into the world from that sheet, in regard to the "new costume." Pray, tell us what is to be done with one like this Editor, and those from whom he copies? Since, because a few independent, and strong minded women have resolved to be free from padding, false bones, and the dragging of heavy skirts, they see fit to ridicule and do their utmost to make it disreputable. The secret is, they are fearful if this new movement is not crushed the women will have the sole credit of this much needed reform, and that too, without their consent, or even consulting their feelings as to what the dress should be. I presume that the Times man, rather than have the old fashion extinct would adopt it himself; and suppose we send him a bundle of our cast-off petticoats; let him array himself, and after dragging them through the streets for a week, (but on no condition shall he be blessed by having the streets free from mud) let him tell the public what pleasure or convenience he derived from them. Perchance

it might teach him a lesson on Common Sense, a commodity seldom found in the columns of the Times. Other of the papers object to the dress, and represent it as worn by disreputable females. Would they have us take this as the basis of their arguments against the adoption of the dress? I should like to have them devise some dress that is not worn by females of this stamp. Are not the richest and costliest dresses worn by them? and do they not adopt every Paris fashion as soon as the most virtuous and respectable women?—Who ever thought of laying aside the long dress because disreputable and colored women wear them? And they regret too that the dress worn by our mothers for ages, is to give place to this. So because our mothers, rather than turn aside from the beaten path, sacrificed their health, the daughters are to do the same! Every true hearted woman will answer no, nor will they be turned aside from what they believe to be right and true, or discouraged if they meet with sneers and ridicule. Those who are the most bitter in their opposition to us, have no weapon to use in the warfare but that of ridicule, and we must show them that is powerless. I have worn the dress but a short time, yet have so much love for it that I do not intend to be laughed out of it. It is rational, neat, comfortable, and pretty, in my estimation. I have taken the liberty to write you, for this reason; that you will urge through your paper the necessity of perseverance. Do all you can to encourage, for many will look to you, to see if you are in earnest, and how you stand affected by the opposition. I hope those who adopt will study simplicity, avoiding all gay or flaunting colors; of that we cannot be too careful. If there can be found in every city and village a few women in earnest and determined to persevere, the novelty of the thing will soon wear off, and we shall be allowed to pass through the streets without feeling we are the "observed of all observers." Boston, in time may be won, and a respectable woman allowed to pass, without being annoyed and insulted: I am glad to be able to tell you that in this village four or five ladies have adopted the new dress, and as a general thing, it has met with commendation and approval here. May its course be onward until the long skirt and bodice are abolished, and all are freed from the cumbersome dress.

Yours with respect,

E.

In answer to the question put us in the above letter as to what is to be done with such editors as he of the "Boston Times," we would answer: show our contempt for them by doing as we please in spite of their ridicule. The "Times" has not honored us with a sight of his wise sayings, as have other of our cotemporaries, so we cannot tell in what manner he should be handled; we feel like letting our opponents all say what they please; and meanwhile we shall act as we please, without regard to their opinions.

We have received several letters from ladies who have worn the short dress once or twice, and because they have been laughed at by some, and frowned upon by others, they dare not appear in it again. They like it, and are anxious to adopt it entirely, but—they are laughed at—and so they appeal to us for sympathy and advice. We can only say that these ladies are made of different stuff from us, or they would not be laughed out of their rights so easily. We would advise that no woman lay aside her fetters, and don the freedom suit, till she is fully satisfied both as to its utility and modesty, and her right to study comfort and convenience in the choice of a dress. If she decide in favor of the short dress and trousers, then let no dread of ridicule, no fear of the world's frowns deter her from wear-

all times, and in all places, with the same sense of freedom and independence that she has hitherto enjoyed in the long, street-sweeping one. It is best to put on the short dress at all, unless one has no objection to live down opposition. To be forced to wear up what we ourselves like and approve, because somebody dislikes and disapproves, is too humiliating, and too much a yielding of our rights. We are as sensitive on this subject as any one, and our feelings have at times been deeply hurt by the remarks of pretended friends; but we are not to be frightened by ridicule, or forced by cutting remarks to lay aside a dress which we find so well adapted to our wants, and in every way conducive to health.—[Ed. Lily.]

For The Lily.

OUR COSTUME.

The reform in dress now contemplated, does not seem to strike all minds with the seriousness and importance it does mine. It is to me a great question,—a mighty change is proposed—a change of dynasty—the sceptre is to pass from mother to mind. Heretofore rags have been primary, and woman secondary; we propose, now, to place woman in her true position, making her primary, and rags secondary. The question is now to be, not, *Rags how do you look?* but *Woman how do you feel?* I have sometimes fancied what an amusing, and pitiable page of history might be written from our present system of fashionable modeling, for the perusal of future generations. I hear their loud laugh, exclamations of wonder, surprise and pity as they read, that "all the girls were taken at an early age and put through a system of intense restraint, of both body and soul, in order to make them genteelly quiet and subdued. They were harnessed up in tight waists, all interlined with bits of bone cut from the sides of some mammoth whale; the waist being sufficiently tight to bring the ribs, which Dame Nature had forgotten to fasten in front, close together,—the bones sufficiently stiff to relieve the spine of the severe tax which this same Dame evidently intended to impose upon it. Three or four long heavy petticoats were then hung from these slender waists, reaching to the ground. All this was done, that the girls might not grow too large, or be too hoydenish in their manners. "Delicacy and helplessness (in 1850) being the chief charm of woman."—Queer little things called bonnets, were stuck on the back of their heads, which the least breath would blow off—this kept them at home when the wind blew. Thin paper shoes were put on their feet, which the least dampness would wet through—this kept them at home when the rain fell. A girl of sixteen, in full dress, had not one available limb or muscle in case she wished to escape from some wild animal, or thunder storm, leap a ditch or fence, walk a beam over a stream, or climb some steep ascent. Look at her! Her legs almost useless with these petticoats,—her arms instead of swinging freely are holding a great shawl about her person,—her hands, one holding a bag and the other a sunshade, for that little bonnet is of no use, but as a peg on which to hang that green veil, which answers as a kind of blinder, or *aid-de-sun-shade*—an additional charge for some hand, or arm. Now how was this poor thing to run, jump, leap or climb?" "Why, you simpleton, do you think the dignified women of that age were expected to go through any such unfeminine manœuvres?"

Depend upon it, our descendants will have as much reason to laugh at, and pity us, for some of our customs, as we have to laugh at the Hindoos or Hottentots, for some of theirs. Now under the new system, we propose to strip woman of all helps from the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea, from cotton bags and starch, and to throw her for support and comfort, strength and health, on her own God-given spine and ribs, and the

free use of her lungs, her eyes, and her powers of locomotion. We propose no particular costume; we say to you, at your firesides, ladies, unhook your dresses, and let everything hang loosely about you; now take a long breath, swell out as far as you can, and at that point fasten your clothes. Now please cut off those flowing skirts to your knees, and put on a pair of loose trousers buttoned round your ankle. To appreciate the great freedom this slight change has made, go down cellar, and bring up a pan of milk, or take yonder lamp and pitcher of water and go up stairs.

Now for a morning walk. Just put on this sack, buttoned down before, with a pocket for all purposes; put this large round hat on the top of your head, to shade your eyes, and you will need no veil or sunshade; double your trousers over, and slip feet and trousers into this long boot. Thus accoutered, you have have nothing to hold, watch, or think about,—you have the free use of your eyes, arms, legs and feet. You may now walk through snow, or mud, through yonder field of grass or pick berries in your strawberry bed, you can run up or down steep hills, and gather wild flowers in the woods; and when you come home, all you have to do is to slip off your boots and substitute a pair of slippers, and lo! there are no dirty stockings, or bedraggled skirts to put Betty the washerwoman, or careful mothers out of conceit of morning walks, and romping girls.

Mothers thus emancipated can use both arms in taking their babies up and down stairs, and can easily take them out to walk or to make calls, if they choose. I have done this, and found it much easier to carry my baby weighing twenty pounds, than it was to be the bearer of the appendages of former days. What mother would not prefer to take her baby, to a bag, sun-shade, veil, mantilla, and six pounds of petticoats, if the public would only vote a baby a more genteel appendage than a sun-shade, or a dirty petticoat.—And would not a lovely rosy face, peeping over the shoulder, be quite as ornamental as a row of velvet buttons, an ostrich feather, a black lace veil, or a great red rose? and would not the baby enjoy the walk, the pure air, the sunshine, the mother's watchfulness and care, far more than these fashionable interlopers?

But all our social habits are so at variance with the highest good of the race—the transient is kept so constantly in view, at the expense of the permanent, that it seems to me impossible to work out any general reform in any department, until we can raise up a new race of women, with great heads and hearts, with stern virtues, and noble aspirations. My highest idea of dress, is a simple, tasteful covering, easily made and quickly put on, complete, unique, with no outposts for sentinels to watch, no sails or flying jibs—nothing to attract attention, or to tell which way the wind blows,—and nothing to oppress the wearer or beholder. Whatever is comfortable and convenient, and permits the greatest freedom of action, is the most perfect costume. Let us therefore raze and correct our garments, until they assume their proper place; all standing out of the way of the full and perfect development of the woman. *E. C. S.*

For The Lily.

MRS. SWISSHELM

Is a very queer woman, but all geniuses are so. We like her, although she is forever saying something we wish unsaid. Women of intellect should do all in their power to raise woman to her true position, to make her feel the dignity of self-reliance and a noble independence, and not encourage her weaknesses, by talking to her about her "delicacy," "helplessness" and "physical disabilities." It is very trying, every now and then to have Mrs. S. quoted against positions we think very important to be maintained. She is down on our holding conventions, passing resolutions, or taking care of ourselves. She seems to think the All-wise did not give us a complete

outfit for the voyage of life,—that there are foes to be subdued and dangers to be encountered, which we have no will or muscle to meet, and no chart or compass to guide us. At our next convention we shall vote Mrs. Swisshelm a pair of horns, for self-defence, unless she recall the present claim she has set up against the whole male sex—and just say that in case of difficulty or danger to her precious person, she would call upon any one, stronger and more able bodied than herself. That in case she fell into a ditch she would not reject the stout arm of an Hibernian girl, because some effeminate little man was at hand, whose protection she had a right to claim. We wish, too, if Mrs. S. persists in making this claim on men only, she would limit it to the large and strong, and take the frail, little men in the same category with herself. I would ask Mrs. S. what "physical disability" has a strong, vigorous, well developed woman?—If a woman has her ribs lapped from tight lacing, her spine crooked from stooping, her feet covered with corns, from tight shoes, why she is as much disabled as a little man with gout, inflammatory rheumatism, and a broken leg; and the little man is as much disabled as she; and if Mrs. Swisshelm, chased by a wild bull, claimed "protection" of either, it seems to me her safety would be more certainly ensured by the prosecution of her natural claim on her own feet. *Stanton E. C. S.*

For the Lily.

THE DEVIL.

Stanton

As I was walking out a few days since in short dress and round hat, feeling very comfortable and happy, I met an old friend whose first salute was, "why, you look like the very Devil."

Now I did not take this as any insult to myself, but I promptly denied the fact, feeling the importance of doing what I could, to correct, if possible, the loose views that are now extant in regard to the personal manifestations of his Satanic Majesty. I endeavored to show her that her comparison was invidious, by recalling to her mind the various accounts handed down to us of the mental, moral, and physical peculiarities of this gifted individual. I said to her that the Bible, the best of authority, represents the Devil as "a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."—Milton speaks of him as a "naked giant, stern, defying fate;" he makes him the hero of his immortal poem. So does Goethe in his Faust, and Bailey in his Festus, and they all seem to vie with each other in doing homage to this mighty spirit of evil, and with one accord assign him the first place among metaphysicians, theologians, and those most skilled in understanding the mysterious workings of the human heart. Bunyan, in his "Inbred sin," shows us his great genius as tormenter of Pilgrims bound for the Celestial City. Bulwer represents him as a kind of Beau Brummel, strutting up and down the streets of some gay city in happy contemplation of a long pea green-tail, which in a soliloquy he pronounces "neat but not gaudy." But none of the authorities in relation to this gentleman have ever hinted at the humiliating fact of his having ever assumed the form of a woman. Only think of the hardihood of one of the disciples of Calvin, so to belie the Devil. Had I suffered so impious a sentiment to pass my lips, I should never again dare to walk out after dark, or sit alone after the clock struck twelve, for very fear that his wounded Highness would appear in person and demand satisfaction for so gross an insult. *E. C. S.*

In the streets of Leicester one day, Denn Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver who staggering against his reverence, said:

"I have been spinning it out."

"Yes," said the Dean, "I see you have and now you are reeling it home."

Indianapolis has voted against granting license to sell ardent spirits, by an increased vote.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOREST CITY WATER CURE, JUNE 12.

Mrs. Bloomer:—"I take my pen in hand to inform you,"—as we used to say—that several of us want a fresh blossom every month from your blooming bed of *Lilies*. To some one, yourself perhaps, we are indebted for three such; and the brilliant and varied hues of its leaves bespeak a rooting where the garden of the heart is not over-run with weeds and brambles; or even in one of the fancy plots, where only choice flowers and ornamental shrubbery grow, but id a good old-fashioned country garden which affords much that is "good for food," with here and there a bed of peonies, roses, pinks and lilies, to please the eye.

Such should ever be the garden of woman's heart. A combination of the useful and ornamental, though in different proportions, according to the taste, opportunity, and capacity of each. Many honest, earnest persons, jealous for the honor of the sex, and a little tinctured with conservatism, seem to fear if one of us does what women have not always been wont to do; or dresses different from what fashion sanctions, studies what does not come within the course pursued at a well-established Female Seminary. Why, she is "out of her sphere," and all the beauties and graces of the sex will take fright and vanish quick as the dew-drops of the morning before the rising of a summer's sun. If she take the pen, it must be to write her "dear uncles, aunts and cousins," or husband, present or prospective. Her mission is to visit and nurse the sick; but her kind heart and tender sympathies must be her only guides, all blind as they are. She must not study the anatomical and physiological structure of the human form divine, together with the pathological changes which disease induces, so as to fulfill her duties understandingly; because, forsooth, such knowledge would make her ungenteel, indelicate, immoral, and various other *uns, ins, and ins*. Surely, if this be true, woman's peculiar virtues and most pleasing attractions, must be of "such stuff as dreams are made of," if they vanish before any illumination on the laws of human life and health, be it little or much.

Can it be that the study of any work of the Infinite Artist can degrade the mind of either sex; and especially that of the "crowning work of the Creator"? If so, that mind must have the power to "turn pure gold into base alloy." Is not the human form the work of the same hand "which clothes the lilies of the field"? and may woman study the stamens, pistils and petals of the latter, for her mental and moral elevation, but if she meddles with the muscles, bones and sinews of the former, to see how "fearfully and wonderfully we are made," will it result in her mental and moral contamination?—her alienation of heart from the sacred duties of wife and mother? So dream some. She must watch closely her plants,—see that they are sunned, aired and watered, and that no bug bite, and no frost blight them. This purifies her thoughts, softens her temper, and elevates her taste; all of which is very true. But those more precious buds, to which in time she may give birth,—perhaps soon to wither, perhaps to live on, and to writhe on, through many a weary year, and all perchance because the mother has unwittingly disregarded those laws which would have secured to them a healthful bloom for three score years and ten,—these may be neglected and their physical and moral powers left uncultivated. Ignorance in regard to the training of these flowers is thought commendable in woman, while a knowledge of their structure and of the laws of nature would thrust her out of her sphere, or destroy her love for it. To the physician we are to look to guide us in the road to health when we have once got astray; but it is not customary to consult him till we are sick, think we are, or are going to be; and then we are told—usually in an unknown

tongue—what to take to get well; not what to do to keep well.

Botany is a needful accomplishment for a lady; Geology and Conchology desirable; but any more than a very superficial knowledge of any of the ologies pertaining to the normal and abnormal conditions of the human body, is not fit for any feminine taste. This belongs to the doctor, and to have ventured a peep into any of his books may well make any refined lady blush, even if nobody knows it.

Some say that the "WEAKER SEX" are so impressionable, excitable, imaginative in mind, that the less they know on medical subjects the better; that they are prone to think they have every disease the symptoms of which they have heard described. In proof of this, they urge the fact that many a woman in good health has been made to imagine herself sick, by listening to a lecture or reading a pamphlet coming from some self-interested vender of traps and drugs. No doubt many a woman has dosed herself with syrups and loaded herself with plasters, braces and supporters, because her medical instructor was more interested for the improvement of his own purse than of his patient's health. Instances like these only illustrate the occasional truth of the saying, that a "little learning is a dangerous thing;" and argues the need of woman's having more rather than less medical knowledge, that she may not fall a prey to those who "go to and fro seeking whom they may" doctor, irrespective of their need of being doctored.

Some, seemingly favorable to the medical education of women, think that before entering upon this field they should take a monkish vow of celibacy. Now the prevalent notion that the great end of woman's life is to get married, is degrading to the mind that entertains it. Not that marriage in its truest, noblest sense is so. Far from it. It is a divine institution, so replete with good as to call for gratitude from every human heart, whether within or without its pale. But the idea that every little Miss must learn this, dress thus, walk, talk, and look so, and so, and all for a beau, is to the youthful mind, a blight, fatal to its healthful growth; as is a June frost to the tender fruit. There is no good reason why a woman who has passed a certain age, without entering into matrimonial alliance should be fidgety, fussy, fretty, "a love lorn critter," loving nobody and nobody loving her. Those who are such, are usually so for want of a proper education, or rather occupation. The best talent like pure water, if stagnant becomes a nuisance. Woman's active mind, and warm heart call for something to live, loan, and labor for. This she may have even if childless and husbandless. In proof of this have we not noble samples of both public, and private worth?

Any resolutions either to marry or not to marry seem to me as unnatural, and liable to be broken, or kept to one's sorrow. How can one tell whether they shall, or shall not meet with a spirit who will be to them securable, suitable and loveable in a matrimonial alliance; and at what period in their pilgrimage this event may occur, whether at the age of eighteen or eighty is unknown. The philosophy of Plato was that the souls of husbands and wives were originally one, and were sent into this world to find each other out.

The prime cause of so much matrimonial discord was that some joined themselves to another's half; and this obliged another and another, to do the same or remain single; and the result was few were happy in marriage, for few were truly united. About their past union we will not speculate, but a good degree of oneness in the present—a sort of chemical affinity, is truly desirable. Considerations like these seem to forbid any rash resolves either to wed, or not to wed, unless one's prospects for life and health clearly indicate the latter as a duty.

If any of the readers of The Lily are looking to, and longing for a medical education let them

not think that to get it, and serve out their social feelings must be sacrificed. No man, no not even man, can learn everything, but let every one inquire earnestly what he can and do well. If a woman have taste, talent, and other requisites, if there be any for study, why then engage in it. It will take more time than to learn well French, Spanish, Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, &c. If in due time she should become wife and mother, will she not as guardian of the health of her household, and their nurse when sick, find her medical knowledge of as practical utility as the whole etcetera of a fashionable education?—Would playing the piano well, put her infant more quietly to sleep than the simple lullaby? Would the infantile intellect be more speedily developed by being talked to in a foreign tongue? There is a language called "baby talk," but I believe it always to be impromptu. Is a knowledge of embroidery needful to know when the "stitch in time" is wanted, and how to take it well? Do not think me as regarding these accomplishments as valueless; by no means. Combined with good sense and goodness of heart, they help the wife to do much for the happiness of the home circle.

These remarks are for those who insist on the strict practical utility of every thing a woman learns, and urge its adaptation to home duties, while at the same time they oppose a medical education for her, and approve of an ornamental one. The plea of incompatibility of the practice of medicine with the care of family is also urged.

What if while rearing her family she did little abroad; would not she find it a great blessing to be able to take charge of the dear ones at home? Can it be that such knowledge would tempt her to trust the care of her infant to unskillful hands, that she might gratify her love of professional labor abroad? as some so greatly fear. Can a mother forget her child? Yea she may forget. But would she, who knew best the need of proper physical care, and how to bestow it well, be most likely to leave her little one to draw its sustenance from a stranger's bosom, regardless of the disease it might drink in from having for its nurse, one diseased in body, and depraved in heart? Nay, rather, she who was ignorant, thoughtless, and vain, whose delight was in the gay dress, and fashionable gatherings, would be more likely to neglect her God-given charge!

The more a mother knows that the health of her children, for long years to come, depends on the care received during their tender years, the more must her heart yearn to bestow that care.

Do not dream me trying to prove that every woman should be a well read physician; only such as have a mind and means for it. But measure it would be much easier to prove that every wife should, than that no wife should, or that such reading unfitted one for the sacred duties of wife and mother. Yours truly,

R. B. GLEASON.

A pleasant little story is told of Queen Victoria and the Corn Law. During the second year of her sovereignty, and while yet a maiden, she was one day skipping the rope, as a relaxation from her official duties. Lord Melbourne, the Premier, was superintending the royal amusement. She suddenly stopped, and turning to him with a thoughtful look, (the cares of state no doubt clouding her brow,) said, "My lord, what are these corn laws which my people are making such a noise about?" Said the courtly Premier in reply, "Please your Majesty, they are the laws that regulate the consumption of the staff of life in your Majesty's dominions." "Indeed," rejoined the Queen, "have any of the staff officers of my Life Guards got the consumption?" "Poor fellows!" Her Majesty then resumed the skipping of the rope.

Queen Victoria has just entered on the 33d year of her age, and on the 20th inst., will commence the 15th of her reign.

THE LILY.

WILLIAM BLOOMER, Editor.

JULY, 1851.

WRIGHT "STAR IN THE EAST":

The State of Maine has set a noble example, by her recent legislation for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Already, it is said, the good effects are visible. Rumsellers who have defied the law heretofore, have given up the business, and returned their poisonous beverages to the manufacturer and wholesale dealer. If the new law is faithfully enforced the State will soon be freed from the blighting curse of intemperance. "It forbids the manufacture or sale of all spirituous and intoxicating liquors, except by authorized and licensed town agents, and then only for medicinal and mechanical purposes." If any unlicensed person shall manufacture or sell these liquors he is subjected, for the first conviction, to a fine of \$100, for the second conviction to a fine of \$200, and for the third to \$200 and four months imprisonment. It authorizes the search of stores &c., for spirituous liquors, intended for sale without license, and the destruction of the liquor, unless proved to be imported and in the original package in which it was imported. No person engaged in the unlawful traffic is allowed to sit on a jury in any case arising under the act."

This is the best law ever passed by any legislature for the suppression of intemperance. We particularly like that feature which authorizes the search for, and the destruction of the poison. Hitherto it has been almost impossible to prove the guilt of a rumseller, as the law required that the witness must either have bought, and paid for the liquor himself, or witnessed the purchase by another. Drinkers will not testify against the man who sells them liquor, and in almost every case when brought before a court of justice they have forgotten the circumstances, or know nothing at all about the matter. Thus while drunkeries exist all around us—while barrel after barrel is seen rolled in, and drunken men seen staggering out of them—while every body knows that liquor is sold and drank there, and the alarming fruits of the traffic are everywhere seen in community, yet it is almost impossible to prove the fact of sale. Hence, temperance men have become discouraged, and abandoned all idea of prosecuting, till some more effectual law is passed to aid them in convicting the criminal. The law authorizing search will effectually remove this difficulty, and bring many dark things to light.—When rumsellers learn that their premises may be searched, and their liquors destroyed when found, they will soon see the necessity of giving up the business entirely, and resorting to some more honorable and less suspicious way of obtaining a livelihood.

We earnestly hope that at no distant day the darkened understanding of the people of New-York will become sufficiently enlightened to imitate the noble example of their eastern sister.—Although all excitement on the subject of temperance has passed away, the fires which burned so brightly on her altars a few years since have been only smothered, not quenched; and we have

faith to believe that the flame will again burst forth with redoubled strength and power, and consume utterly the hydra-headed monster which has so long bid defiance to the efforts of the friends of law and humanity.



We take pleasure in being able to present our readers with a representation of the "New Costume." This is not a picture of ourself, but a correct copy of an engraving which appeared a few weeks since in the Boston "Carpet-Bag," and which was cut from a daguerotype of the first lady who donned the short dress and trowsers in that city. It is the best representation we have seen of the dress. The skirt is a little shorter, and the trowsers a little fuller than any we have worn; otherwise it would answer very well for us. There are a great variety of pictures in the different papers, all claiming to be "the full Bloomer costume," and all entirely unlike us except this one. There is nothing peculiar about the style of our dress, except that it is short, and we wear no bodice;—this we have said repeatedly, yet publishers persist in dressing us in all manner of ways, and misrepresenting us entirely.—At the request of the Publishers of the BOSTON MUSEUM we stood for a daguerotype some two or three weeks since, and that paper will contain the first and only correct likeness of us. We shall next month introduce this picture to the readers of the Lily.

The "CARPET-BAG" was the first to come out with a pictorial representation of the new dress, and much credit is due the publishers for their efforts to procure a correct specimen.

"THE REFORMED BROTHERHOOD."

We announced some time ago that a new temperance organization had been commenced in this village, similar in many respects to the "Sons of Temperance," and composed almost entirely of reformed inebriates. It now gives us great pleasure to state that this association has reached a point which ensures for it a respectable place among the temperance associations of the day.—Its numbers have greatly increased, and its meetings are held regularly in a neat Hall fitted up for the purpose. It has established initiatory, and

other ceremonies, and published its Constitution and By-Laws, and is about granting charters for the establishment of similar Brotherhoods in several surrounding villages. As we have before said, this society was started by men who had tasted the bitter dregs of intemperance; who, from the melancholy position of confirmed inebriates, had boldly resolved and firmly carried out the resolution, to become sober men. It is to their brothers in like misfortune that it mainly addresses its appeals; although those who have not so far fallen are admitted to its membership. May heaven smile upon its labors! It has a great work to perform, and we ardently hope that it may have strength and wisdom sufficient for its performance.

It is full time that the work of reforming the inebriate was once more entered upon with that spirit of unfaltering courage and devotion which characterized the early labors of Pollard, Wright, and Hawkins. May this spirit animate the heart of every Reformed Brother, and may he not only keep himself unpolluted by that great poison of poisons—*alcohol*—but may he labor faithfully and zealously to lead his fellow unfortunate into the paths of honesty, industry, and temperance.

Who told you we had "pretty little feet," Mrs. Swisshelm? It was all guess-work you may depend, for we never told anybody so, and we have not had our foot measured in ever-so-long. We positively cannot say whether we wear *three's* or *three and a half*. But pray tell us what "right" have you to have such large feet? Wm. H. Burleigh tells us that we look very much like you—that our size, our form, our eyes, &c., are very similar; and you are only one year our senior; so we should like to know why you have long feet. Now don't be jealous, Jeannie dear, and show such hostile feelings towards us, for if we have the smallest feet, you have the largest head, and we cannot tell what right such a little body has to so large a head. If either has cause for "jealousy, or downright hostility" we think it is us, for we deem the head of more consequence than the feet—unless it be *brainless*, in which case the smaller it is, the better.

BLOOMERISM IN THE MILLS.—We are told that the Agent of one of the Corporations in this city, has offered to furnish a handsome dinner for all the girls employed in the same, who, on or before the approaching 4th of July, shall adopt the Bloomer costume. This is a good movement.—Several of the girls in the Mills have already adopted it, and it is regarded as not only a very becoming, but an extremely convenient and useful dress for them.—[Lowell Courier]

We hail with pleasure the adoption of our costume by the working classes, for it is we who have an active part to perform in the drama of life, that need the free full use of our limbs, and all our vital organs. We welcome the factory girls of Lowell—whom we have often heard complimented for their superior education and intelligence—to all the comfort and convenience of the short, *loose* dress; *loose*, we say, for the great point in this reform is the laying aside the long tight bodice—far worse in its effects than the long skirt.

Give things their right color, not varnish them over with false gloss.

THE FESTIVAL AT GLEN HAVEN.

We had the pleasure of attending the Festival of Editors and friends at the Glen Haven Water Cure on the 12th ult. In company with three lady friends we left home at seven in the morning, and after a delightful carriage ride of eighteen miles reached Skaneateles at twenty minutes past eleven. The hour for the boat to leave was eleven, but to our surprise we learned that in expectation of the arrival of our company the Captain had delayed his departure. We were truly thankful for this mark of kindness on his part, and deeply regretted the necessity of it. Had we been driver we should have been there in good time; but Johnson held the lines himself, and he is too proud of his greys to hurry them.

We were no sooner on board than the boat was off. Wm. H. Burleigh was the first to greet us, and at once introduced us to the ladies of his family—all of whom (three) we were happy to see had on short dresses. These, together with our company, four in number, were a pretty good representation of the new costume. The company on the boat was large—nearly all strangers to us. We learn from the papers since, that there were several editors present; this we were not sure of at the time, as not one of them offered to make our acquaintance although it appears they knew well who we were. Whether this omission was owing to a fear of us, or because they were shocked at our "immodest" appearance, or to a want of good manners on their part, we do not pretend to know.

After a pleasant ride of two hours over the lovely Skaneateles, we reached "the Glen"—a quiet, beautiful spot, nestled under a towering hill on the very lake shore—where we met with a warm reception from Dr. Jackson and his worthy assistant, Miss Theodocia Gilbert. Miss G. and some six or eight other ladies at the Cure were attired in the short dress and trowsers, and altogether we were quite a formidable army. About an hour was spent by the guests in looking through the establishment, rambling over the grounds and admiring the beautiful scenery adjacent, when dinner was announced. And here we would say to those who hesitate about entering a Water Cure from a fear of being starved, that there is no danger of such a catastrophe at Glen Haven; for a more excellent dinner it was never our good fortune to sit down to, than that of which we partook on that day. It was got up on true Hydropathic principles, and although we had meats, fish, and vegetables, pies, puddings, white and brown bread, and sweet butter, Indian cake, soda biscuit, dutch cheese, tarts, custards, figs, &c., there were no gravies, grease, or spice in the composition of any of the dishes. Dr. Jackson assured us that all these dishes were allowed to patients, though not in so great variety at one time.

Dinner over, the guests assembled in the large parlor where letters were read, toasts given, and speeches made. We have but one of the toasts; T. W. Brown, of the Cayuga Chief, gave:—

Our Hostess, Mrs. Lucretia E. Jackson: If the proof of a good dinner is in the eating, the highest compliment has just been paid to her's. Her skill in the kitchen is only equalled by her

genial and lady-like deportment in the parlor, and her womanly, undeviating kindness and devotion in the sick chamber. May the better half long live to preside at Glen Haven.

Dr. Jackson and Wm. H. Burleigh made some excellent remarks upon the subject of health as connected with diet, habits, and dress. Ossian E. Dodge, who was present, and as ever full of fun and mischief, concluded the entertainment by singing an impromptu song.

The last bell of the steamboat now rang, and after three hearty cheers all hurried on board and were soon borne beyond sight of the beautiful Glen. The streets of Skaneateles were lined and every window crammed with people when the boat landed there; we soon learned that curiosity to see the short dresses had called them out. The news of our having gone up the lake had spread like wild fire through the village, and men, women and children had turned out *en masse* to witness the return of the novel spectacle! All conducted themselves in the most becoming manner, and except a little tittering among the boys, there was no word or act of disapproval or disrespect.

The company separated at Skaneateles, and all, some by carriage and some by car, turned their faces homeward.

We have not spent a day more pleasantly for a long time, and the remembrance of it will not soon vanish from our heart.

The Boston Times says that the Editress of the "LILY," published at Seneca Falls, in this State, is daughter of Judge Cady of the Supreme Court, and wife of Senator Stanton of this State. —[Republican.]

We are not the daughter of Judge Cady, nor the wife of Senator Stanton. We are the wife of our own husband whom we would not exchange for half a dozen Senator STANTONS; and although he is neither Judge or Senator at present we expect he soon will be, and then in the estimation of some we shall be of much more importance than now.

Though our husband is not a Senator, he is equally as honorable as though he were, and his services quite as useful to the public. We wish to sail under no borrowed colors, nor shield ourselves under anybody's wing; we are alone answerable for our doings, and quite capable of taking our own part.

Mrs. ELIZABETH C. STANTON, wife of Senator STANTON, and daughter of Judge Cady, is a regular contributor to the columns of The Lily, over her own initials. Many thanks are due her, both from herself and the public, for the many good things which emanate from her pen: Mrs. STANTON thinks too much of her husband, and of her reputation, to permit us to appropriate either to ourselves, and as we covet neither we wish her to be left to the peaceable enjoyment of both.

A new weekly Literary Journal is about to be established in Washington, D. C. to be called the "Metropolitan," of which Mrs. N. P. Lasselle of Indiana is to be the chief editor.

We gladly welcome Mrs. Gleason to our columns, and hope that the article furnished this month is but a foretaste of the good things we shall receive from her.

"Second Annual Announcement" Medical College of Pennsylvania

We learn from this pamphlet that the Medical College of Pennsylvania has emerged from its struggles, and now stands on a firm, unshakable basis. The number of students for the year 1851 is forty. The Faculty speak in high terms of praise of the qualities of mind displayed by the students, which they say "would have done credit to the most favored Institution of the country." "The manner in which the various branches presented were grasped, comprehended and matured, affords the most gratifying assurance that the idea of instructing woman in the Science of Medicine is not a delusive one."—We would gladly copy the Announcement entire would our limits permit. We feel a deep interest in the success of this Institution, and are well assured that if it can survive a few years of opposition it will finally triumph over all obstacles and be acknowledged a public blessing.

BLOOMERISM.—A man was seen near Broadway, New-York, on Saturday, in petticoats, and with a bonnet on—[Exchange Paper.]

Let every man who objects to our costume go and do likewise. After trying the bondage of long heavy petticoats for one week, it will require no eloquence of ours to induce him to lay them aside. If any gentleman here cannot be convinced that we have made a wise change, except by actual experiment—why like the man mentioned above, just try it for yourself, and we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to protect you in your right to dress as you please.

A colored lady recently appeared in the streets of Syracuse dressed in the Turkish costume, and a gypsy hat. The dress was presented her by some young men of that city.—[Exchange.]

It was certainly very kind in the gentlemen to make the lady such a present. It is not customary to show so much regard to the wants of colored women, and we are truly glad that the young men of Syracuse have made this one the object of their attention. We hope the dress was a good one, and we doubt not the pleasure derived from wearing it will make the lady truly grateful for the gift. May the young men be equally liberal to others.

WOMAN, Her Education and Influence; by Mrs. Hugo Reid.

We are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Fowlers and Wells for a copy of this excellent work. We are glad to see books of this kind multiplying, and we hope they may soon take the place of trashy magazines and novels on every lady's table. No woman can read such books as this, and Hosmer's "Young Lady's Book," without being greatly benefitted thereby; whereas the silly novel and fictitious story—lies coined from an evil imagination—have a tendency to corrupt and debase the mind of the reader.

FOURTH OF JULY.—We hope no friend of Temperance and good order, will leave our Village on the Fourth until they have attended their own celebration. The Address will be delivered at 11½ o'clock at the Wesleyan Church, by THURLOW W. BROWN, and the Brotherhood and Sons, will be out in full Regalia.

Mechanical and Manual Powers.

My friend, writing us from New York City, says that we present "woman's mechanical and manual powers." She says:

"The idea cannot be too often presented, that man has encroached upon the various kinds of labor which we should do, just as far and fast as we could; and if our Creator has endowed us with the requisite capabilities to engage in any of these—professions, if you please—or any kind of business or manual or mechanical labor; that is sufficient indication for us to enter those fields, and occupy as many as we can. Let us, as women, prepare ourselves and make our services needed, and we can then 'proceed to business' without calling up the opposition of the other sex; for it will come to be considered 'as a matter of course.' Men have silently appropriated all kinds of business which pay well without hard labor. Now let us show that we can do the same things, and BETTER than they, and the day is ours. Woman does not know her own capabilities. It is desirable that young women take particular pains to perfect their chirography, and prepare themselves to take the charge of books, keep accounts, teach writing, &c. They can do it just as well as men."

There are many unmarried women who spend a useless, listless life, through fear of overstepping the bounds of woman's sphere. They need but to begin and they will soon find so many opportunities to occupy their talents that we shall hear less complaint of the scarcity of varieties of moles for obtaining—not only a bare support, but wealth. Let us allow the men to do all the opposing and while they are thus engaged let us be doing something—not talking.

Could you present in your paper any statistics of what woman has done—thereby adducing evidence of what she may do, and thus strengthen some hands and encourage warm hearts. Tell of great deeds she has done. If I remember right, Lord Ross was indebted to his sister for many things. Some women have invented very servicable articles. A woman in Brooklyn invented a diving bell. A woman in Albany received a prize for the best plan of a house. One of the best, if not the best Hotels in New Haven was built after a plan made by a woman, Mrs. Street. Miss Mitchell of Nantucket discovered a planet. And many more such facts put together and particularized might be of sufficient importance to form a distinct Department in your paper.—Invite a report of them and they will be found to be abundant. There are 49 men who succeed in business through the efforts, encouragement, suggestions, and advice of their wives, (that is, where husbands are wise enough to ask for, or receive them,) to one who succeeds "in spite of" such assistance.

We shall be happy to receive and record reports of "noble deeds" done by women. We doubt not instances of them are more frequent than we have any knowledge of. It has not been fashionable for woman to do much for the good of her race, and therefore what the few have dared to do has been kept from the knowledge of the public. In addition to the cases of invention mentioned by our correspondent, we can add that of Mrs. Eunice N. Foote of this village, who has recently invented a beautiful design for a stove, which is to be patented.

We believe woman's mechanical and inventive powers are as great as man's, if they were equally cultivated, and she equally educated. She is, also, when possessed of a sound constitution, capable of great manual labor. The difference between the physical strength of man and woman is not so great as has been supposed. We see weak men, as well as weak women,—both in in-

tellect and physical strength. It is owing altogether to the false system of female education, that we are such weak, helpless, dependant, good for nothing creatures. We have not been taught that we should make our lives useful, and so we have lived on, mere drones in the great human hive.—We would gladly stimulate our sex to the performance of noble deeds, and would urge upon them to cast aside the unprofitable teachings they have received, and hereafter devote their lives to a higher purpose than novel reading, studying fashions, and retailing scandal. There are many of the trades and professions well suited to the capacities of woman, and we long to see her enter them, and give full play to her powers of both body and mind.

GOOD.—The Detroit Tribune has got off this one:—

One of the gentlemen who came forward to bail Abel F. Fitch, was questioned by Counsellor F—r whether he had an incumbrance on his farm? "Oh yes," said he, "my old 'oman!"

We say, VERY BAD. A farmer's wife, as a general thing, is a hard working woman, and when old and worn out should not be considered an incumbrance. No doubt this very woman had worked all her days to pay for this very farm; or she may have inherited it. But so it is; woman will give not only heart and hand, but fortune, houses and lands to the man she loves, and freely throw into the common stock the labour of her entire life; and then secretly suffer through life from a painful sense of dependence, feeling that she makes nothing, owns nothing, has no property at her disposal, and not one word to say in the division of the spoils. And at last, when old and helpless, she is regarded as an incumbrance, and her children grudgingly give her what is in fact her own. We hope the wit of the Detroit Tribune will get off a more gallant speech for the honest farmer next time.

QUERY.—What would editors and the public at large, have found to write and talk about if we had not given them a subject? Verily, we believe there has not been such another exciting controversy since the last Presidential canvass, as this subject of dress has called forth. Those opposed to this reform manifest very much the same spirit that the Buffalo Platformers then did towards us Taylor and Fillmoreites. But as we true whigs carried the day at that time, so we hope the short dress party will come off conquerors now.

"A FRIEND" is sorely grieved at our harshness in calling Arthur C. Nelson a shallow-brained puppy. Well, we may have been wrong in this, as the term puppy belongs more properly to dogs; and as we love puppy-dogs, and believe them to be a sensible race of animals, we wish to cast no imputations upon them derogatory to their true character. We will then correct our former remark, and say, that the editor of The Cottage Gazette must possess a weak mind and brain, or he never could have penned so silly an article as the one to which ours was a reply. However, "Dr." Nelson and we can settle our own quarrels without the interference of "A Friend."—When "A Friend" again thinks proper to give us advice, we hope she will have the man—wo-

manliness to give us her name, and pay postage. We despise an anonymous correspondence from whatever source it comes, and one who has not the courage to be honest in this respect, can exert no great "moral influence" over us.

Dr. Bailey of the National Era goes for Mrs. Bloomer's new dress proposition, with an amendment. He says:

"So far as we can see, both sexes are the victims of the absurd fancies of tailors and mantua makers. There is no grace, or comeliness, or common sense, in the modern style of dress."

"Is there any reason, why both sexes might not compromise on the wide trowsers and loose frock?"

Then why do not the editors of the "National Era" and "Friend of Youth" put on the wide trowsers and loose frock? If all of those who go for the change in talk, would go it in fact we should soon see the National petticoat cut off.

Woman's Rights.—A man used insulting language to one of the "gentler" sex the other day in Boston, whereupon, in obedience to the spirit of the age, she turned to and gave him such a thrashing that he screamed for help, though vainly.

As we clip this from Mrs. Swisshelm's paper we would ask her what this woman did with her "physical disabilities" during the performance? Instead of thrashing the man why did she not "claim protection from him?"

¶ We may owe an apology to some of our readers for devoting so much of our paper to the subject of dress. We did not design saying much about it this month, but we are receiving so many communications on the subject, and there are so many of our readers who feel a deep interest in the matter, that we cannot well avoid giving it prominence. Then too, we are standing now altogether on the defensive, and must parry, or hurl back the attacks made upon us.

MRS. MILLER, DAUGHTER OF GER- RIT SMITH.

I see the following toast given at the Glen-Haven Festival, going the rounds of the papers. "THEODOCIA GILBERT, the first American woman to adopt the short dress and trowsers."—This is not true. This dress has been worn by other ladies at Water Cure establishments for three years or more, and Miss Gilbert has never worn it except at Glen-Haven, and then not as a constant dress. ELIZABETH MILLER of Peterboro, wore the short dress in her daily rambles seven years ago, and she is the first American woman who put on the new costume, as a constant dress, for all times and places, at home and in her extensive travels through the country.—She has worn it at our fashionable Hotels and in the crowded streets of our Metropolis.

J. V. N.

We were present when the above toast was given, and felt to dissent from it. We knew that a friend of ours had worn such a dress three years ago at Dr. Hamiltons "Cure," in Rochester; but we did not think it of sufficient importance to speak about. However since the toast has gone into the papers those having a claim prior to that of Miss Gilbert, will feel a little jealous of her having the credit of being first.—Mrs. Miller was first to wear the dress in public; we were second to her in this, and first to give publicity to the matter. Who was the first American woman to wear the dress at home or for rambling, we think it difficult to tell, and it is of but little consequence. Fanny Kemble and others wore a similar dress two or three years ago, but we believe it was only worn on rambling excursions.—[Ed. Lily.]

CONTENTMENT BETTER THAN A MINE OF GOLD.

BY WILLIAM K. MOONEY.

Boys, did you ever see a bright, sparkling diamond? Have you ever held in your hands a small piece of gold that was dug out of the earth? Or, did you ever see a small amount of glittering dust that came from California—the far-famed land which so many people dream about? Well, notwithstanding diamonds and gold are beautiful and costly, yet *contentment* is a jewel that far surpasses them in value. Indeed, it is more valuable than all the diamonds or precious stones which lie embedded in the dull gray earth.

Tom Brown was a silly little fellow, who disbelieved this doctrine; consequently he was always uneasy, continually changing from one thing to another; all the time acting as if he were standing upon nettles.

"Oh," said he, one day to his playmate, Harry Watkins, "if I only possessed such fine clothes as Sim Wilson, I should be very happy."

"Happy, indeed!" laughingly exclaimed Watkins; "you will never be happy. Why, the truth is, Tom, you are so fretful and disobliging, that nobody loves you; and your disposition is so sour and churlish, that the boys in the village shun you as they would an adder."

"Well, I don't care for all the boys in the village," replied Tom, hanging down his head; "all is, I wish I was rich; for then, what a fine show I should make! And, when I grew up to be a man, I would live in as fine a house as Squire Johnston, on the hill yonder."

"Yes; and in a week or two, you would sell it," replied Watkins.

"Well, if I did, who would have a better right," sullenly replied Tom; and off he scampered, leaving Watkins to smile at his foolish notions.

How many children are there who act in a similar manner. Why, I know a little fellow, who the other day, wished for a hoop. When his kind papa presented him with one, he roughly seized hold of it, without even thanking him. However, the novelty of the new toy only lasted for a short time; and then this lad sighed for something else.

There is an old saying, that "*a contented mind is a continual feast.*"

Now, children, you all know what a feast is. Sometimes the great men of the village, or the city, prepare one, to which the public are invited.

Well, people go there, and if they act prudently, they are exceedingly refreshed.

Just so, is a contented mind; it is a "continual feast." A feast of refreshment; one which will be sure to make you happy.

When a boy chases a butterfly over hill and dale, in the overpowering heat of summer, he is apt to become excited and very warm.

Now, if such a lad will sit quietly down upon a grassy mound, near some cooling brook, from which he can refresh himself, he will, in a few moments, feel abundantly relieved and greatly revived. When, in the busy pursuits of life, a man feels wearied and perplexed, contentment acts as a refreshing draught, and urges him on to greater deeds of exertion.

So it is with you, my young friends. You are obliged to go to school—there to toil for hours and days over dry, and apparently, unprofitable tasks. There appears to be no help; on you must plod your lonely way, through mazes of difficulties, until success crown your efforts, and you are removed from what you suppose to be the dull walls of the dingy school room.

If all children were blessed with a cheerful, contented disposition, the dull, gray walls of the much-despised school room, would become pleasant and inviting, while the hard, dry task, would prove a delicious repast, from which the mind would derive an imperishable sustenance.

It is bad for a man or a boy, to look on the dark side of the picture of life. We live, it is

true, in a world of grief and trouble; but there is no necessity for us to expect, and I might add, invite sorrow and gloom. They will come soon enough; therefore, let us meet all ills and vexations manfully and cheerfully, with the best grace which we are able to command.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A gentleman who has been spending the winter in Halifax, N. S., tells the following anecdote of a dog, which is about the best story of canine sagacity that we have ever heard:

Tiger is a splendid Newfoundland, and possesses good sense as well as good looks. He is in the habit of going every morning, with a penny in his mouth, to the same butcher's shop, and purchasing his own breakfast, like a gentlemanly dog as he is. But it so happened, one cold morning, during the past winter, that the shop was closed, and the necessity seemed to be imposed upon Tiger, either to wait for the butcher's return, or look for his breakfast elsewhere. Hunger probably constrained him to take the latter alternative, and off he started for another butcher's shop, nearest his favorite place of resort. Arriving there he deposited his money upon the block, and smacked his chops for his breakfast, as usual; but the butcher, instead of meeting the demand of his customer as a gentleman ought, brushed the coin into his till, and drove the dog out of the shop. Such a disgraceful proceeding on the part of a man, very naturally ruffled the temper of the brute, but as there was no other alternative, he was obliged to submit. The next morning, however, when his master furnished him with the coin for the purchase of his breakfast, as usual, the dog instead of going to the shop where he had been accustomed to trade, went immediately to the shop from whence he was so unceremoniously ejected the day before—laid his penny upon the block, and with a growl, as much as to say, 'you don't play any more tricks upon travellers,' placed his paw upon the penny. The butcher, not liking to risk, under such demonstration, the perpetration of another fraud, immediately rendered him the *quid pro quo*, in the shape of a slice of meat, and was about to appropriate the penny, as he had done the day previous, to his own coffers; but the dog, quicker than he was, made away with the meat at one swallow, and seizing the penny again in his mouth, made off to the shop of his more honest acquaintance, and by the purchase of a double breakfast, made up for his previous fast.

A WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.—The *Memphis Inquirer* gives an account of a wild man recently discovered in Arkansas. It appears that during March last, Mr. Hamilton, of Greene County, Ark., while out hunting with an acquaintance, observed a drove of cattle in a state of apparent alarm, evidently pursued by some dreaded enemy. Halting for the purpose, they discovered, as the animals fled by them, that they were followed by an animal bearing the unmistakable likeness of humanity.

He was of a gigantic stature, the body being covered with hair, and the head with long locks, that fairly enveloped his neck and shoulders. The "wild man," after looking at them deliberately for a short time, turned and ran away with great speed, leaping from twelve to fourteen feet at a time. His footprints measured thirteen inches each.

This singular creature, the *Inquirer* says, has long been known traditionally in St. Francis, Greene, and Poinsett Counties, Ark., sportsmen and hunters having described him seventeen years since. A planter indeed saw him very recently, but withheld his information lest he should not be credited, until the account of Mr. Hamilton and his friend placed the existence of the animal beyond cavil.

A great deal of interest is felt in the matter by the inhabitants of that region, and various conjectures have been ventured in regard to him.

The most generally entertained idea appears to be, that he was a survivor of the early party which desolated that region in 1811. Helpless upon the wilderness by that disaster, it is probable that he grew up in his savage state until he now bears only the outward resemblance of humanity.

So well authenticated have now become the accounts of this creature, that an expedition is organizing in Memphis, by Col. David C. Cross and Dr. Sullivan, to scout for him.

ANOTHER DEATH IN THE WHISKY JUG.—Another demonstration of the blessings of rum, and of the rum traffic, was on Monday night, May 19th, presented on the railroad near the grand junction in Worcester! Michael Donegan of Stoneville, having there a wife, and four children, was about 7 o'clock seen staggering and hooting along the track, with a jug of rum in his hand, which he had obtained of some of the vendors of "liquid death" in Worcester, and the next morning was found dead, and horribly mangled, with limbs torn asunder, and blood, brains, and bowels strewn some one or two hundred feet along the iron rails,—the whole freight train of cars having probably passed over his body during the night;—but the JUG!—there it stood, by the side of the road about half full of rum, in the midst of the scattered fragments of another murdered and immolated victim of the rum sellers, a silent memento, and a befitting monument of the cause, and of the consummation of the bloody and awful catastrophe.—[Mass. Cataract.

RAILROAD KILLING.—We see an article in the New-York Cadet remarking with just severity on the great, and almost daily loss of life by the cars, and urging that the law requiring the road, out of the cities to be fenced, in order to keep people off the track, be enforced. This may all be proper, and necessary—probably should be done, but we would suggest a far more effectual way, a stronger and higher fence—and we would make our Excise Boards put up the fence—that is, refuse licenses, and then let the proper authorities enforce the law against the rum sellers. Until this is done, drunken men will get on to the track, and the wheels of the cars can no more be prevented crushing them, than the wheels of Juggernaut can be prevented crushing their self-immolating victims. Let our railroad folks ascertain how many of those killed by the cars, in the year, are perfectly temperate.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—Coroner BICKNELL, held an inquest on the body of a man by the name of Thomas Juby, a hand on board a lake boat in Child's basin, who was drowned on the night of Wednesday. Deceased was seen in a state of intoxication by the boatman at 2 o'clock of Wednesday night, and efforts were made to get him on board. He was left, however, on the wharf, and when morning came was missing. Inquiry and search were made for him, and the basin was dragged, which resulted in the discovery of the body, about 1 o'clock yesterday. Verdict in accordance with the fact.—[Roch Amer.

THE WAY TO KEEP THE STREETS CLEAN.—Mr. Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace in a speech which he gave in reply to a toast said he had anticipated great difficulty in keeping the Palace clean, and had provided a machine of a hundred "house-maid power" for that purpose, but found no need of it, as this office had been effectually performed by the rich dresses of the ladies.

MURDER AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.—On Monday at Brooklyn, New-York, a woman named Catherine Spinks was murdered by her husband Michael Spinks, alias Kehoe, recently removed from Boston. A hatchet and a boot-jack were found in the room, stained with blood. Rum was the cause of the deed.